

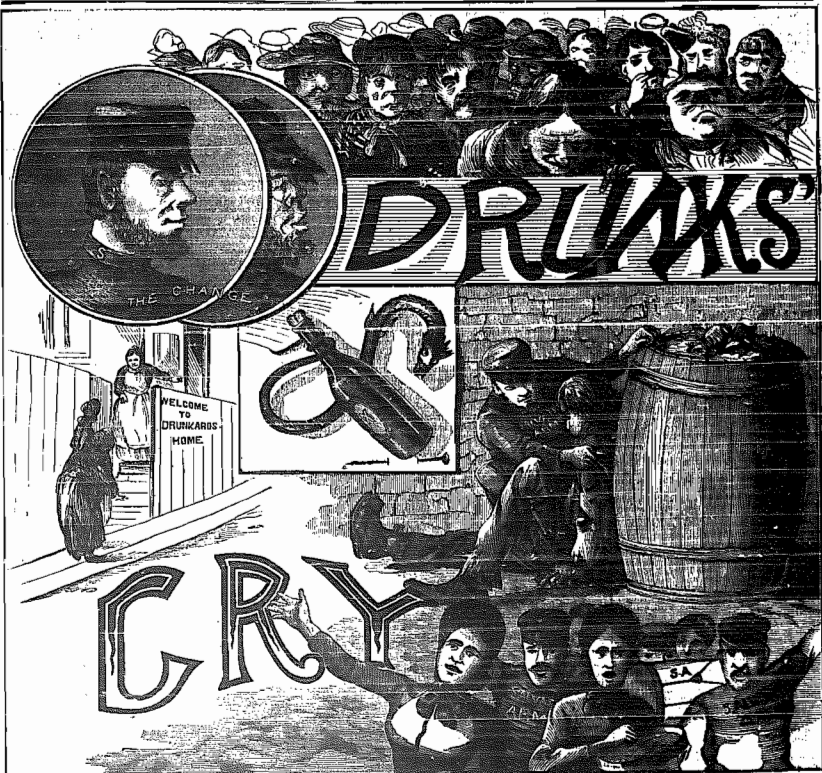
# The Star and Official Gazette of The Salvation Army, Canada.



VOL. VI. No. 297.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 5TH, 1890.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



Drink! Cursed, damnable drink! What woe and sorrow it has brought to its victims! What remorse and despair fills the hearts of the thousands, nay, millions of drink-bound slaves, who struggle and wrestle with the vile grim monster. It stings, it bites, it wrecks homes. It takes every scrap and vestige of humanity out of the hearts and lives of those who are bound by this habit. It fills our prisons. It populates our asylums, it leads to wretchedness and sin of every sort and kind, and has, directly or indirectly, carried to the gallows men and women who should have lived good, and lived to bless humanity around them. Oh, the millions of dollars spent annually upon this cursed liquor. Drink! Drink!! Drink!!!

Conrades, we draw your attention to the faces portrayed in the above cut. Look into them. See what a wretched, awful condition these beings are in. They have the appearance of devils rather than men and women made in the image and likeness of God. The picture is enough to stir one's soul, but the reality is far, far worse. Near your home, on the public streets, drunkards abound in endless numbers. Saloons stand on almost every street corner. They are trap doors to hell. Night after night and day after day, morning, noon and night these highways to perdition are open to catch the poor, deluded drink-slaves. The business man frequents them, the

farmer patronises the saloon-keeper, the laborer spends his hard-earned wages at the bar. The giddy, careless young man wastes away his precious time with the fatal glass in his hand. The harlot haunts the lower drink dens. Old and young, rich and poor meet together in these places, all hurrying on to their doom. This issue of the Star is especially devoted to testimonies and articles written by those who have been saved from this awful curse, this terrible and successful agency of the devil to delude and damn souls. We, the Salvation Army, have seen and do see the great evils arising from the indulgence in liquor. Hence this attempt to bring it forcibly before every Canadian.

officer, soldier, friend and foe. "Total extermination of sin and drink," is what we aim at. No moderation with us. Just as in the above cut, the dear officer is kneeling by the side of the poor drunk, telling him of One who can deliver from the power of drink and take away from any man or woman the very desire, so we as an Army go to drunkards, awarers, harlots, blasphemers, yes, sinners of every color and kind, and tell them that the only remedy for them is the Salvation of Jesus. No good resolutions will avail. Uplifted vows will be useless. Nothing but a distinct turning of their backs upon drink and sin of every kind will do them any good.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)



















trine," and the will of God is, "Even your sanctification."

The Army has been a great blessing in God's hands to you personally, and it has benefited thousands of sinners. It is therefore your bounden duty to help along

**THE THANKSGIVING JUBILEE.**  
 will be a grand chance for  
 you to do something  
 practical.

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**WITH HAMILTON II.**

I must tell you of the good time I had on Sunday with the comrades at Hamilton

[illegible]

own hide, and  
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nd, unconservatively

[illegible]



